

Thou Richard shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him priuily of our intent.
You Edward shall vnto my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
In them I trust: for they are Souldiors,
Wittie, courteous, liberall, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more?
But that I seeke occasion how to rise,
And yet the King not priuie to my Drift,
Nor any of the House of Lancaster.

Enter Gabriel.

But stay, what Newes? Why comm'st thou in such
poste?

Gabriel. The Queene,
With all the Northerne Earles and Lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.
She is hard by, with twentie thousand men:
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.

York. I, with my Sword.
What? think'st thou, that we feare them?
Edward and *Richard*, you shall stay with me,
My Brother *Mountague* shall poste to London.
Let Noble *Warwicke*, *Cobham*, and the rest,
Whom we haue left Protectors of the King,
With powrefull Pollicie strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple *Henry*, nor his Oathes.

Mount. Brother, I goe: Ile winne them, feare it not.
And thus most humbly I doe take my leaue.

Exit Mountague.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

York. Sir *John*, and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Vnckles,
You are come to Sandall in a happie houre.
The Armie of the Queene meane to besiege vs.
John. Shee shall not neede, wee'le meete her in the
field.

York. What, with fise thousand men?
Richard. I, with fise hundred, Father, for a neede.
A Woman's generall: what should we feare?

A March afarre off.

Edward. I heare their Drummes:
Let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them Battaille straight.
York. Fise men to twentie: though the oddes be great,
I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victorie.
Many a Battaille haue I wonne in France,
When as the Enemie hath bene tenne to one:
Why should I not now haue the like successe?

Alarum. Exit.

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rutland. Ah, whither shall I flye, to scape their hands?
Ah Tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. Chaplaine away, thy Priesthood saues thy life.
As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose Father slew my Father, he shall dye.
Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company.

Clifford. Souldiers, away with him.
Tutor. Ah *Clifford*, murder not this innocent Child,
Least thou be hated both of God and Man. *Exit.*

Clifford. How now is he dead already?
Or is it feare, that makes him close his eyes?
Ile open them.

Rutland. So looks the pent-up Lyon o're the Wretch,
That trembles vnder his deuouring Pawes:
And so he walkes, insulting o're his Prey,
And so he comes, to rend his Limbes aunder.
Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with such a cruell threatening Looke.
Sweet *Clifford* heare me speake, before I dye:
I am too meane a subiect for thy Wrath,
Be thou reueng'd on men, and let me liue.

Clifford. In vaine thou speak'st, poore Boy:
My Fathers blood hath stopt the passage
Where thy words should enter.

Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,
He is a man, and *Clifford* cope with him.

Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd vp thy fore-fathers Graues,
And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynes,
It could not flake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The fight of any of the House of *Torke*,
Is as a furie to torment my Soule:
And till I root out their accursed Line,
And leaue not one aliue, I liue in Hell.

Therefore--

Rutland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray; sweet *Clifford* pittie me.

Clifford. Such pittie as my Rapiers point affords.
Rutland. I neuer did thee harme: why wilt thou slay
me?

Clifford. Thy Father hath.

Rutland. But 'twas ere I was borne,
Thou hast one Sonne, for his sake pittie me,
Least in reuenge thereof, fith God is iust,
He be as miserably slaine as I.

Ah, let me liue in Prison all my dayes,
And when I giue occasion of offence,
Then let me dye, for now thou hast no cause.

Clifford. No cause? thy Father slew my Father: there-
fore dye.

Rutland. *Dis faciant laudis summa sit ista tua.*

Clifford. *Plantagenet*, I come *Plantagenet*:
And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my Blade,
Shall rust vpon my Weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of Yorke.

York. The Army of the Queene hath got the field:
My Vnckles both are slaine, in rescuing me;
And all my followers, to the eager foe
Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde,
Or Lambes pursu'd by hunger-staru'd Wolues.
My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they haue demean'd themselves
Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.
Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,
And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out:
And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,
With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,
In blood of those that had encountred him:
And when the hardyest Warriors did retyre,
Richard cry'de, Charge, and giue no foot of ground,
And cry'de, A Crowne, or else a glorious Tombe,

A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulchre.
With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,
We bodg'd againe, as I haue seene a Swan
With bootlesse labour swimme against the Tyde,
And spend her strength with ouer-matching Waues.

A short Alarum within.

Ah hearken, the fatal followers doe pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their furie:
And were I strong, I would not shunne their furie.
The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my Life,
Here must I stay, and here my Life must end.

*Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland,
the young Prince, and Souldiers.*

Come bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more rage:
I am your Surr, and I abide your Shot.

Northumb. Yeld to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet*.

Clifford. I, to such mercy, as his ruthlesse Arme
With downe-right payment, shew'd vnto my Father.

Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Euening at the Noone-tide Prick.

Torke. My althes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will reuenge vpon you all:

And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feare?
Cliff. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,

So Doves doe peck the Faulcons piercing Tallons,
So desperate Theeues, all hopelesse of their Liues,

Breathe out Inuectiues gainst the Officers.
Torke. Oh *Clifford*, but bethinke thee once againe,

And in thy thought ore-run my former time:
And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face,

And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with Cowardice,
Whose frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this.

Clifford. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckler with thee blowes twice two for one.

Queene. Hold valiant *Clifford*, for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:

Wrath makes him deafe; speake thou *Northumberland*.
Northumb. Hold *Clifford*, doe not honor him so much,

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a Curie doth grinne,

For one to thrust his Hand betwene his Teeth,
When he might spurne him with his Foot away?

It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,
And tenne to one, is no impeach of Valour.

Clifford. I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the
Gynne.

Northumb. So doth the Connie struggle in the
Net.

Torke. So triumph Theeues vpon their conquer'd Booty,
So True men yeld with Robbers, so o're-matcher.

Northumb. What would your Grace haue done vnto
him now?

Queene. Braue Warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him stand vpon this Mole-hill here,

That raught at Mountaines with out-stretched Armes,
Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.

What, was it you that would be Englands King?
Was't you that reuell'd in our Parliament,

And made a Preachment of your high Descent?
Where are your Messe of Sonnes, to back you now?

The wanton *Edward*, and the lustie *George*?

And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie,
Dickie, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce
Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the rest, where is your Darling, *Rutland*?
Looke *Torke*, I stayn'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant *Clifford*, with his Rapiers point,
Made issue from the Bosome of the Boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I giue thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall.
Alas poore *Torke*, but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable fate.
I prythee giue me, to make me merry, *Torke*.
What, hath thy fierie heart so parcht thine entrayles,
That not a Teare can fall, for *Rutland*'s death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad:
And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.
Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou would'st be see'd, I see, to make me sport:
Torke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a Crowne.

A Crowne for *Torke*; and Lords, bow lowe to him:
Hold you his hands, whilst I doe set it on.

I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King:
I, this is he that tooke King *Henries* Chaire,

And this is he was his adopted Heire.
But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*

Is crown'd so soone, and broke his solemne Oath?
As I bethinke me, you should not be King.

Till our King *Henry* had shooke hands with Death.
And will you pale your head in *Henries* Glory,

And rob his Temples of the Diademe,
Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?

Oh 'tis a fault too too vnardonable,
Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne, his Head,

And whilst we breathe, take time to doe him dead.
Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers sake.

Queene. Nay stay, let's heare the Orizons hee
makes.

Torke. Shee-Wolfe of France,
But worse then Wolues of France,

Whose Tongue more poysons then the Adders Tooth:
How ill-beseeming is it in thy Sex,

To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,
Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captiuates?

But that thy Face is Vizard-like, vnchanging,
Made impudent with vse of euill deedes.

I would assay, prowd *Queene*, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriu'd,

Were shame enough, to shame thee,
Wert thou not shamelesse.

Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Ierusalem,

Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?

It needes not, nor it bootes thee not, prowd *Queene*,
Vnlesse the Adage must be verif'd,

That Beggars mounted, runne their Horse to death,
'Tis Beautie that doth oft make Women prowd,

But God he knowes, thy share thereof is small.
'Tis Vertue, that doth make them most admir'd,

The contrary, doth make thee wondrous at.
'Tis Gouernment that makes them seeme Diuine,

The want thereof, makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as opposite to euery good,

As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,
Or as the South to the *Septentrion*.

Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,

How